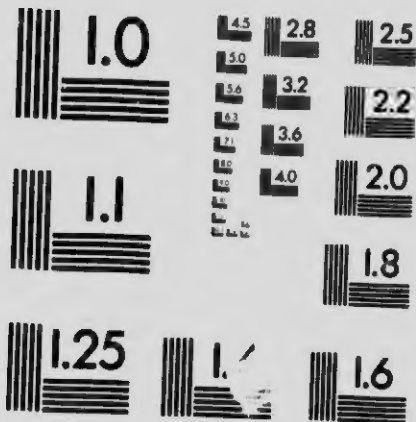


# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

# PUBLIC SCHOOL PHONIC PRIMER



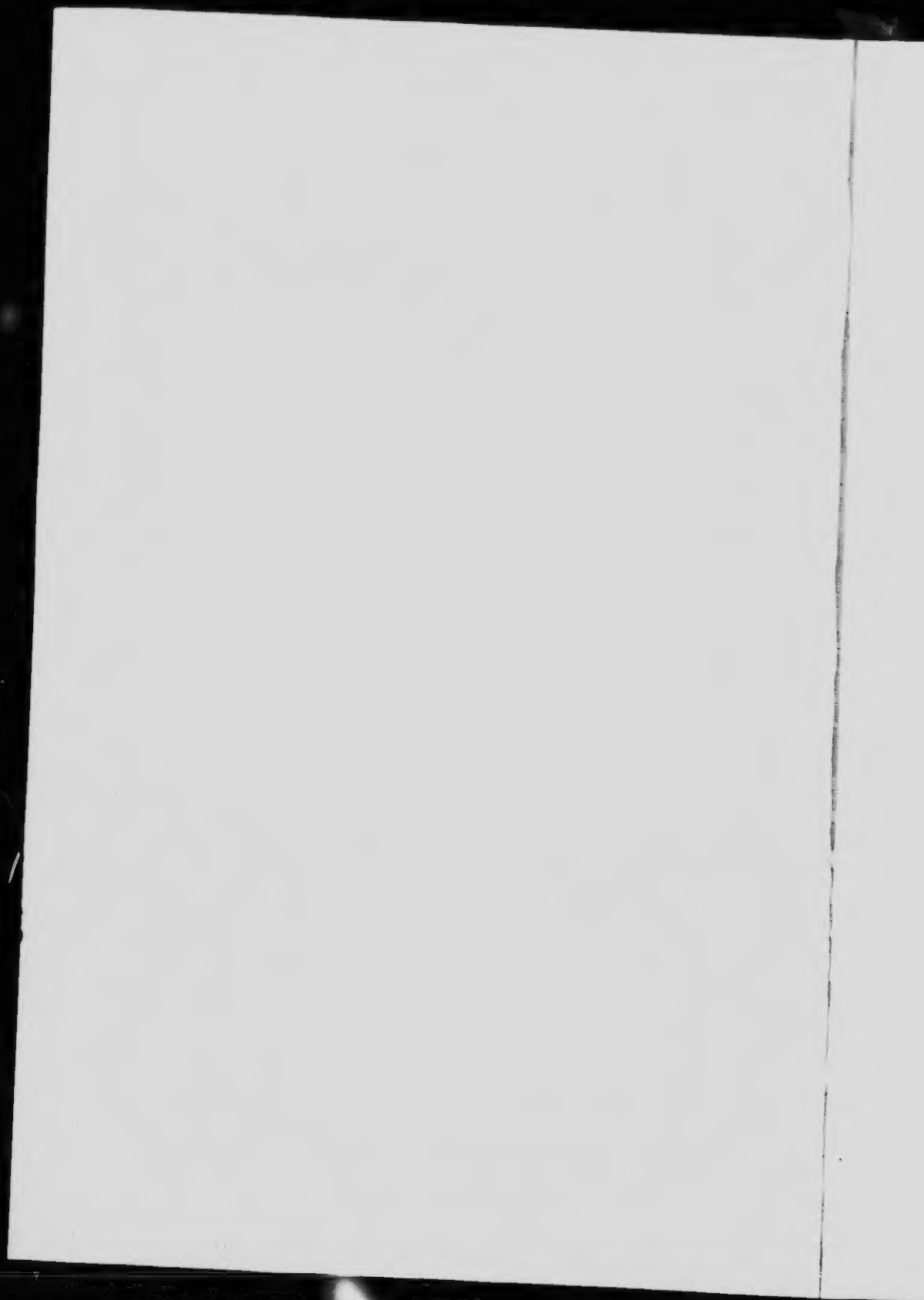
PE 1119  
P752

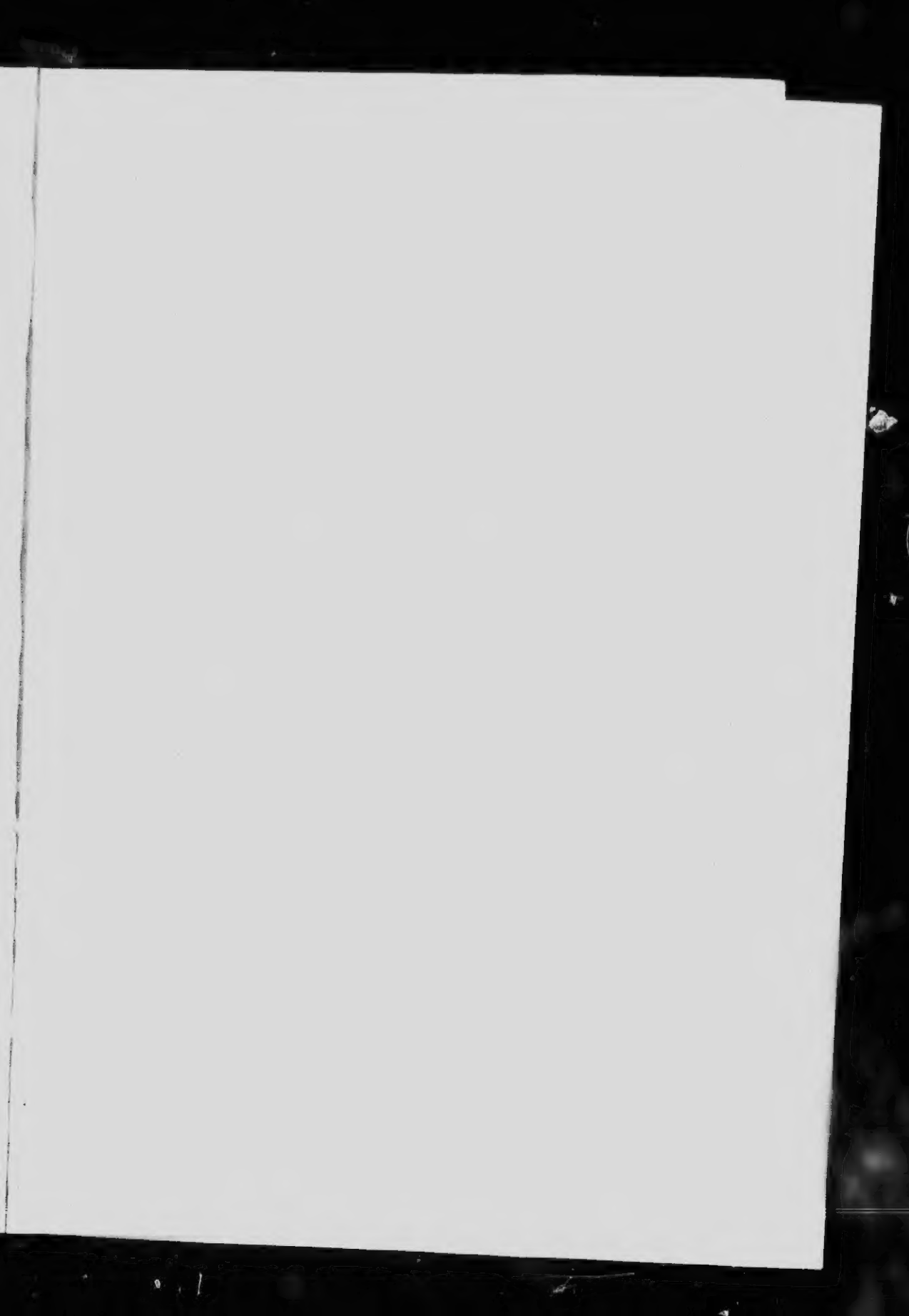
PRICE  
15 CENTS.

AUTHORIZED BY THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

The Canada Publishing Company  
Limited

~~Copy Deposited No 13983.~~







PUBLIC SCHOOL.  
PHONIC PRIMER  
PART II.

*Authorized by the Education Department of Ontario.*



Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three, by THE CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

---

TORONTO:  
THE CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

PEN  
FIVE

## PREFACE.

(A.) In this reader, the sounds taught in Part I. are reviewed (in such reviews the sound is associated with type word), and presented in more and more difficult words; and as the number of signs, representing the same sounds, increases, comparison is necessary. It is also necessary for the finer distinction in sounds, which the teacher should certainly aim at in Part II.; hence, for ease and intelligence in teaching, it is well to group the sounds and to present them to the child in groups, in order that his intelligence may be called into play through the association of ideas.

The place and the power of each letter, however, cannot be learned until the child recognizes the *difference* between the parts played by vowels and consonants in words, until he has his eyes opened to the fact that the vowel is the soul of the word or syllable, so to speak, and the consonants the skeleton. For example: if the child knows the sound of the vowel in each of these words—strange, stand, straw—he knows that which gives the word its individuality, and hence he can easily find out its name. In order then to *give prominence* to the vowels they have been grouped and made real to the child by associating them with life.

No attempt has been made, for the following reasons, to thus associate the consonants. If the child has the place and the power of the vowels firmly fixed in his mind, the work of the consonants is comparatively easy. Then again, *the names* of the consonants are, as a rule, suggestive, and to associate them otherwise than with their own names would be to weaken rather than to strengthen the power of the child to use them.

I. PERFECT CONSONANTS—(1) **p t k** (2) **b d g** (3) **m n ng**.

II. PARTIAL CONSONANTS—(1) **s** and **z** (2) **f** and **v** (3) **l r** (4) **w y** (5) **h j x** (International Dictionary, Note 269).

Beside the foregoing groups, the following *Difficult Consonant Combinations* should, for the sake of distinct pronunciation, be noted and drilled upon as occasion presents: (1) **pl, pr; tr; cl, cr;** **bl, br; dr, gl, gr;** (2) **sp, sl, st, str; tr, thr, scr.**

Though the sounds emphasized through these type groups are presented in different words in the lessons which follow, yet the teacher may often find it a great advantage to the class to STUDY these TYPE GROUPS BEFORE such lessons are reached. In any case, these type groups should FORM THE BASIS OF MANY EXERCISES. New stories should be written on the blackboard, making use of the word-groups they emphasize.

(B.) After teaching the definite work of vowels and consonants in words and syllables (see that the child has a clear idea of "*the syllable*"), teach in a systematic way that *related syllables form words*. The following order will be found helpful:—



## PREFACE.

1. Words in which each part or syllable is a complete word : sun-set, sun and set ; footman, foot and man.
2. Words in which only one or neither of the syllables forms a complete word : going (go and ing), extra (ex and tra.)
3. Words which have a prefix, or an affix : un (unlock), ful (mindful) (*page 28*).
4. Words which have both a prefix and an affix : re (fresh) ment, im (prove) ment, (*page 92*).

By thus studying words, their meanings in many cases will unfold naturally. For example—page 12, “mis” means wrong—“misspell” means to spell incorrectly. Draw attention to different shades of meaning in such groups as the following:—1. Kind, unkind, kindness, kindly, kindness, unkindly. 2. Fresh, refresh, refreshing, refreshed, refreshment. 3. Prove, improve, improving, improved, improvements (*page 92*.)

(C.) In teaching the relation of syllables, the *accent* on the different syllables must be carefully observed. This is very necessary (though often neglected), as the accent frequently modifies the vowel sound. For example, because of accent, the vowel sound “ai” in fountain, mountain, is modified, as is also the “ar” in scholar, dollar. Teach the diacritical marks whenever they are necessary for the progress of the child.

(D.) The training of the eye must be emphasized, if the signs that represent the Phonic sounds are to be of use in interpreting words, or if they are to aid in spelling ; hence, word-building is a part of this book from the beginning. In teaching the child how to build words, the following should always be kept in view :—(1) The stem of the word is always present ; (2) The stem may be a perfect word, as trust, in mistrust (*page 12*) ; (3) The stem may, as far as the child is concerned, have no meaning, as sens in sensible, poss in possible (*p. 17*). In such cases, the eye must always be trained to recognize the stem. If the child once understands the secret of word-building, it will be as easy for him to recognize a long word as a short one. His vocabulary will also be enriched.

The words selected for special study in word-building are typical ; as the child advances he will find words increasingly difficult with similar endings and similar beginnings.

Each lesson should be preceded by a blackboard exercise.

The new type words should also be USED IN CONVERSATION by the teacher during the regular school-room work, before they are presented to the child on the blackboard.

Unless the teacher can make the child realize that a word becomes a living power only through the work it has to do in thought expression, little, after all, will be accomplished.

The conversational topics, given at the ends of the lessons, are intended as suggestions to teachers and not as exercises for pupils to attempt unaided.



Thou art no lingerer in Monarch's hall—  
A joy thou art and a wealth to all ;  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—  
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

MRS. HEMANS.



*Review as a test, sounds in Part I, simple vowel sounds, y, th, sh,  
wh, ch, ir, or, er, tion, silent gh.*

“Good morning, dear Sun. I am  
so glad to see you.

“The morning bright, with rosy light,  
Has waked me up from sleep.”

“Good morning, little girl. I am  
glad to see you.”

“You are so bright and happy,  
dear Sun, every one loves you.”

“I hope you are bright and happy  
too, my child.”

“O yes, but I cannot be as bright  
as sunshine.”

“O yes, you can. Your smiles can  
reach some places where my sunshine  
cannot. A little girl is stronger in  
some ways than the sun.”

“You shine all the time, don't you,  
dear Sun? Mother calls you ‘The

Joy of Nations.' When night comes, you send your light to other nations. Do you not also send your light to the moon?"

"I send some of it, little girl; and you can send your smiles to others, and make them smile too."

"I never thought of that. I shall try to make sunshine after this. How early do you get up in the summer, Sun? I saw you rise the morning we were going to the exhibition. I suppose you have a great deal of work to do."

"Ah yes, little girl! If I did not shine, the flowers, the birds, and even the children would die. But what will happen, my child, if you do not shine? Think!"

"In this world of darkness we must shine,  
You in your small corner, and I in mine."

Conversational Topic—"Tis always morning somewhere."

Read "The Sunbeam"—Mrs. Hemans. "Sunrise on the Hills"—Longfellow.



### THE MERRY BOYS.

*Note how words are built. Teach the syllable.*

These boys have just come out from school. What are they doing? They had fine fun in school this morning finding out secrets about words. Shall I tell you some of them? Well, listen!

You cannot form the smallest word without using a vowel of some kind. Often there are more vowels than one in a word.

When you are trying to find out the name of a word you have never

seen before, you must not listen to the vowels at work until you have watched the way in which they work.

The first thing to do is to divide the word into parts, having a vowel in each part, next think of the sound of each letter. Then by naming each of the parts, one after the other, you can easily find out the name of the long word.

The boys say the letters like to play Hide-and-Seek with one another, for sometimes they found that a long word was only two or three little words placed together.

At other times they found an easy little word hidden between the parts of a large word. Then again, they often found that, if they took away the end or the beginning of a long word, they knew the part that was left very well.

When the vowels and their fellow workers invited, as they often did, their silent friends to help them to work, the boys found their task a little harder.

This morning the teacher named each of these five boys after the short vowels. (*Name them.*) Then he gave them some work to do on these vowels, to find out which of the boys was the smartest. The work is on the next page. Try it.

“Whene’er a task is set to you,  
Don’t idly sit and view it,  
Nor be content to wish it done,  
Begin at once and do it.”

“Do your best, and be not troubled  
Should some others better do ;  
If your work should fail to please you,  
Don’t give up, but strive anew.”

Conversational Topic—“The smallest child a magnet in him bears.”

*Divide each of the following into two words :*

|            |            |             |
|------------|------------|-------------|
| playmate   | afternoon  | grandfather |
| sunset     | everything | quicksilver |
| blacksmith | gentleman  | yourself    |
| another    | sometimes  | oftentimes  |

*Make each of the following into one word :*

|          |           |            |
|----------|-----------|------------|
| bon net  | yon der   | fel low    |
| vis it   | sup pose  | en joy ing |
| sweet er | sweet est | ex tra     |

*Add (i) ing, (ii) ed, to these words :*

|      |      |       |       |
|------|------|-------|-------|
| pass | buzz | quack | stuff |
| pull | purr | press | add   |

*Double the last letter and add er :*

|      |      |     |      |
|------|------|-----|------|
| swim | ship | hem | skip |
| run  | spin | tan | plod |

*Add en to each of the following :*

|      |       |        |       |
|------|-------|--------|-------|
| gold | silk  | quick  | wood  |
| flax | moist | bright | light |

*Put mis before each of these words, then add ing :*

|       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| trust | print | treat | spell |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|





## TATTERS.

*Review double letters, silent t. Teach words end' in le.*

A little beggar boy, in tatters, stood by a gutter eating an apple. The gutter was a drain for puddles along the roadside. Splutter—splutter—dash—dash it went over everything in its way. Pretty yellow butterflies fluttered about it. “Butterflies! Butterflies! what brought you here?” muttered Tatters. The gutter heard him. “Listen, little Tatters!” it said. “The work of the world has to be done, and there is always more brightness where that is going on than most people think there is. The sun can make my

drops as clear and pure as those from yonder bubbling spring, and so he does—so he does; look at them up there in those clouds."

"Ah," thought Tatters, "I'm a poor boy; nobody cares for me. But, if I struggle to help on the work of the world, even at digging, I can yet be as pure and good as the boys who call me Tatters," and Tatters went off whistling.



"I chatter over stony  
ways  
In little sharps and  
trebles,  
I bubble into eddying  
bays,  
I babble on the  
pebbles."



|        |        |          |         |
|--------|--------|----------|---------|
| puddle | bubble | struggle | whistle |
| apple  | pebble | people   | listen  |

Conversational Topic—"Work, for all labor is noble and holy."  
Read "Songs of Labor"—Whittier.



## THE WISE OX.

*Review x. Teach o (come). Build, using re, ex, ible.*

“Good morning, Mr. Ox; you look very wise.”

“Well I might look wise, Frank.”

“How is that?”

“How is that?” repeated the ox, lifting his head a little higher. “I know more than most people around here. Don’t look vexed, Frank.”

“I don’t know more than father! Impossible, sir!”

"O well, one would expect your father to be wise, of course; but excuse me," and the old ox gave Frank a most knowing look, "your father and I attended Nature School together."

"O Mr. Ox, what will you say next?"

"Well, Frank, oxen should not be forgotten, no indeed! Horses may do the work to-day, but there was a time when they couldn't do it. Think of it!—I know every inch of this land."

"What do you mean, Mr. Ox?"

"I mean just this—At one time this farm was covered with forest. For miles scarcely anything else but trees was visible. Your grandfather chopped them down with his axe. Then he put a yoke on my brother and me, so that we could work together. First we dragged the logs

into piles. Your grandfather burned them. Then we pulled the stumps out, and ploughed the land. After the seed was sown, we dragged the earth over it. O how we did work! early and late—from Monday morning till Saturday night. But your grandfather was good to us. I see him mixing our food yet. He was a very smart man—yes, and a sensible man, too. One day he made a sketch of Bob and me on birch bark (poor Bob died long ago), and under it he wrote, ‘The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master’s crib.’”

“A text!” exclaimed Frank. “Well, my good friend, you *are* wise.”

|         |         |        |            |
|---------|---------|--------|------------|
| Monday  | respect | expect | impossible |
| brother | reside  | excuse | sensible   |
| money   | refuse  | extra  | visible    |

“Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

Conversational Topic — “The task our country sets must we perform.”  
Read “My Country”—Montgomery.



## THE JOLLY CHAP.

1. Add **y** to each of the following words:

|       |        |      |       |
|-------|--------|------|-------|
| snow  | crust  | loft | pluck |
| grass | wealth | full | milk  |

2. Add **ly** to each of these words:

|       |      |       |        |
|-------|------|-------|--------|
| kind  | low  | short | modest |
| state | thin | quick | silent |

3. Change **y** in these words into **i**, and add **ly**:

|        |         |       |       |
|--------|---------|-------|-------|
| lazy   | heartly | happy | merry |
| pretty | steady  | easy  | saucy |

4. Change **y** in these words into **i**, and add **es**:

|       |         |         |         |
|-------|---------|---------|---------|
| baby  | country | crucify | occupy  |
| gipsy | tidy    | purify  | satisfy |

5. Add **ing** to each of the following:

|         |         |        |
|---------|---------|--------|
| reply   | crucify | occupy |
| satisfy | purify  | supply |

1. Write a sentence for each of the words in number five.
2. Write a thought for each of the following sets of words: (1) tidy, gipsy, supplied; (2) pretty, baby, replied; (3) lazy, cat, silent.
3. Write three sentences about "The Jolly Chap."

Conversational Topic—"We rise by things that are 'neath our feet."



### THE WHITE HEN'S EGG.

*Test y. Build, using be.*

One day my father said to me, "York, do you know where the white hen is sitting?" "I think she is under the stack in the barnyard, father, but I can easily find out," I replied. "Well, my boy, jump over the fence and get me one of her eggs." "O father!" I said. Father looked kindly at me and said, "You know, York, father would not be cruel." I knew what father had said was true, so I replied again, "Yes, father, I will be back shortly."

When I came back father said, "Now, York, you are not too young to learn. Just watch carefully and I shall show you something you never saw before." Father had two eggs. He opened one of them and showed me a tiny speck in the yolk. "This little speck," said he, "is the beginning of a chicken." He broke a second egg. "In this egg the speck has grown into a strange shape. It is really a chicken five days old. It feeds on the egg." He then opened the white hen's egg, which I had fetched, and said, "This egg shows a chicken about ten days old. In eleven more days this little chicken would have been fully grown."

"O, father, I never knew anything about eggs before."



"Ah, York, the commonest things  
about us are worth watching closely.  
Are they not?"

"Truly, father, that is the best  
thing I have found out this year."

|       |         |         |         |
|-------|---------|---------|---------|
| York  | fly     | kindly  | beside  |
| young | reply   | hearty  | between |
| yolk  | satisfy | country | begin   |

---

#### WHO LIKES THE RAIN ?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,  
For I have my little red rubbers on ;  
They make a cunning three-toed track  
In the soft, cool mud, Quack ! Quack !"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,  
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry ;"  
And she lifted her little yellow head  
Out of her green grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour ! I hope 'twill pour !"  
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray-bark door ;  
"For with a broad leaf as a roof  
I am perfectly rain-proof."

Sang the brook : "I laugh at every drop,  
And wish they never need to stop  
Till a big river I grow to be,  
And find my way to the sea."

Conversational Topic—"Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part."

Read "The Builders"—Longfellow.



## WHAT AM I?

*Review z, qu, o (s). Build, using ent.*

"What are you gazing at me for, little innocent?" said Quicksilver, peeping out of her little glass window. "You had better gaze at the setting sun and the cattle grazing on the hill over there. O see! Magnificent sight!"

"Quicksilver, tell me about yourself. You are so funny. So many people come to look at you. Sometimes you are long, and sometimes you are in a little ball. Are you alive, Quicksilver?"

"That isn't my right name."

"What is it, then?"

"That is something for you to find out, little student. Am I alive?"

Such a question! Don't I act as if I were alive?"

"But you are so queer! What makes you go up and down, Quicksilver?"

"Please do not call me Quicksilver. When you want to be cool you don't go upstairs, do you? The coolest place is down, down, yes down in the cellar."

"What is zero?"

"Oh, zero is just my starting point, from which to mark my going up and down. In very cold zones I am seldom very far from zero. But it is very hot; please don't ask me any more questions."

|        |          |        |           |
|--------|----------|--------|-----------|
| gazing | question | cellar | innocent  |
| dizzy  | quibble  | city   | accident  |
| muzzle | queer    | circle | student   |
| zero   | quantity | face   | excellent |

Conversational Topic—"Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell."

## TADDY POLE.

*Teach ea (head). Build, using less, pro.*

Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still ;  
It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
But in the mud and scum of  
things

There alway, alway something  
sings.

—EMERSON.



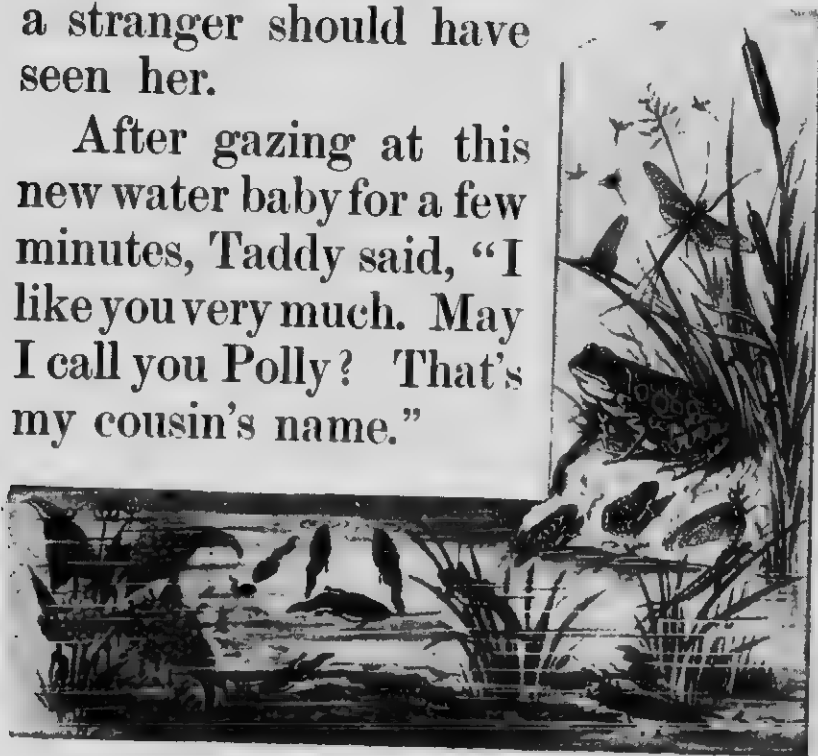
It was only a little pond in the middle of a great bog, but song and life were there.

Taddy Pole lived in this pond. One pleasant spring morning after breakfast, Taddy thought he heard something singing. He knew it was not his little feathered friends, the birds, nor was it the gay little buttercups that grew everywhere around. For a moment he was breathless. Then, taking a few little twirls, and bending his body this way and that way, he

proceeded noiselessly towards the spot whence the sound came. There, in shallow water, in the shadow of a stone, on the stem of a leaf, sat a Baby Dragon-fly. She was just in the act of catching a fly.

When Baby Dragon-fly saw Taddy Pole, she moved about in a restless way, as if provoked that a stranger should have seen her.

After gazing at this new water baby for a few minutes, Taddy said, "I like you very much. May I call you Polly? That's my cousin's name."



Baby Dragon-fly was speechless; she only nodded and smiled.

In a few minutes Taddy and Polly were off together, swimming side by side in the pond.

The shrimps laughed at them, and the water beetles stared so rudely that Taddy was afraid they might harm his new friend.

Polly, however, soon showed every one in the pond that she could protect herself. Indeed, in a short time, most of the other water babies were so afraid of her that they would run for their lives when they saw her coming.

One day Taddy Pole saw Polly climb up on the stem of a tall grass (they had not seen each other for a very long time). He watched her. She was struggling. All at once her dress began to tear down

the back. "Surely Polly is ill," cried Taddy. "How strange she looks! How hard she is breathing!"

He stood motionless. Polly quivered a little, then spread out a pair of lovely wings.

Oh! Oh! How beautiful!

"A real Dragon-fly!" cried Taddy. The Dragon-fly opened her big bright eyes. Taddy was sure he heard her say, "Good-bye, little friend, good-bye; I'm off to do my work in the big bog world." A little while after this, Taddy fell asleep in a cosy little nook by the edge of the pond. When he awoke, he found he had queer little feet and long slender legs. He, too, had work to do in the world, for he was a frog.

|          |            |            |
|----------|------------|------------|
| dead     | breakfast  | speechless |
| bread    | feathered  | provide    |
| head     | breathless | provoke    |
| pleasant | motionless | protect    |

Conversational Topic—"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

## THE HAPPY GIRLS.



ADA.

*Track the open syllable. Note effect of accent.*

1. Divide each of the following into two words:

oatmeal      pancakes

fireman      horsehair

2. Make one word out of each of the following:

Vic to ri a      med i cine

dan de lion      tru ant



EVA.

3. Put **dis** before each of these words:

place      charge      miss

grace      trust      mount



INA.

4. Add **ful** to each of these words:

mind      tear

help      care



OLA.

play  
cheer

5. Put **un** before each of these words:

like      kind      even

true      wise      seen



UNA.

Tell what each of the little girls is doing.

Give the meaning of each of the words in (2).

Conversational Topic—The value of a good name.







### THE THANKFUL DAISY.

*Review ai (rain). Teach ai (captain). Build, using oon.*

A little daisy grew by the side of a mountain rill. Day after day the daisy drank this fresh, clear fountain water. Day after day it was kissed by the bright sunshine. It became so thankful that it longed to do something for somebody. "Just wait and grow, your time has not yet come. I am certain of that," said the wind.

The daisy was content. It waited and grew. When it found itself all

gone to seed it could not help sighing. "Now!" said the wind, and it blew a seed into a crack between the boards of a walk near a prison.

Spring came—the seed began to grow. One of the prisoners, a wicked sea-captain, found it. He guarded it with sticks till it flowered. "Surely," thought the captain, "if God can make a beautiful flower like this grow from a tiny seed in a crack, He can make a good man of me." He prayed for the first time in his life. He confessed the faults he had tried to conceal. He was forgiven and became a noble man.

|       |          |          |         |
|-------|----------|----------|---------|
| daisy | captain  | confess  | prison  |
| wait  | mountain | content  | crimson |
| rain  | certain  | connect  | reckon  |
| pain  | fountain | consider | season  |

Conversational Topic—"For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind."

Read "To a Mountain Daisy"—Burns.



## THE BRAVE MOTHER.

*Review ay (pray), silent b. Teach ey (prey).  
Build, using ate.*

THE eagle is one of the largest birds of prey. Eagles are very strong. They can sight their prey at a great distance. They build their eyry on a rocky shelf. Ask mamma to tell you how the eaglets are taught to fly. They are forced to obey their parents.

A gentleman, sent out to survey a thinly settled part of a rocky country, related the following story. It is an accurate account.

A woman wrapped her wee babe in a blanket and put it under a tree. Then she went to help the men to bind some grain in the field. The eagle sighted the infant. He swooped down, fixed his sharp talons in the blanket, and flew off with the babe to his nest. The poor mother

screamed. No one had ever climbed that rock. The men stood helpless. The poor mother hesitated only a moment and then began to climb. Every minute they looked for her to fall. She reached the eyry. She got her babe and pressed it to her bosom. But how was she to get down? Her love for her child, and her trust in God, made her brave. Slowly she came down, step by step. Fortunately she reached the ground in safety. She was welcomed with tears and cheers.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When duty whispers low, thou must—  
 The youth replies I can.”

|        |       |           |
|--------|-------|-----------|
| obey   | climb | fortunate |
| survey | limb  | celebrate |
| prey   | thumb | accurate  |
| they   | debt  | hesitate  |

Conversational Topic—“A mother is a mother still,  
 The holiest thing alive.”

Read “A Ballad for Brave Women” —Charles Mair.  
 (Subject—Laura Secord.)



## MILDRED'S LETTER.

Review **ai** (tail). Teach **ei** (veil).

King St., Toronto, Ont.

December 17th, 1901.

Dear Dora,

Uncle George is going to take mother and me for a sleigh ride to-morrow, at eight o'clock. We shall be pleased if you will come with us. Poor old "Aunt Hannah" is very sick. To-morrow will be her birthday, so we are going to take her a hundred weight of flour, a few skeins of yarn, and a new veil. Do try to come.

Your loving friend,  
Mildred Manning.

Conversational Topic—"Kind hearts are more than coronets."



### THE HERO.

*Teach h before the different vowels, silent h. Build, using able.*

This noble dog is a true hero. His name is Victor. Through his bravery his little master Hume had a remarkable escape from death.

One holiday, Hume's mother gave him a hamper filled with good things to eat, and told him he might spend the day with his little friends on the lake shore, fishing.

The boys found fishing agreeable work and soon caught a hundred herring. Hume took his hatchet and went off with his dog to gather sticks to build a fire. They were

going to cook some herring for dinner.

“What is to hinder me from having a swim,” thought Hume to himself. Heedless of all fear he jumped in. The water was too deep for him. He struggled to get out, but could not. His cry for help was terrible. Brave Victor dived after him and dragged him ashore. The boys rushed to the spot. Poor Hume was taken to the hospital near by, where he was made as comfortable as possible.

You will be glad to know that his life was spared and that he was ill only an hour or so.

When Hume became a man, he saw that the dogs of the city had always plenty of water to drink.

|         |          |       |             |
|---------|----------|-------|-------------|
| hamper  | hospital | honor | comfortable |
| herring | human    | hour  | remarkable  |
| hinder  | hatchet  | heir  | agreeable   |

Conversational Topic—Heroes in humble life.

Read “Up and be a hero”—McLachlan.



## QUEEN FAIRY.

*Teach Italian a—long and short forms.*

**M**y long sound is heard in such words as arms, calm, father. My short sound is heard in such words as asks, clasp, chance.

Sometimes the children call me Queen Fairy Vowel. Sometimes they called me Mother Vowel. Either of these names will do very well, for all my sounds are more or less related. Sound these letters and words the one after the other—a (arms), a (all), o (old), oo (food).

*Write the following words and give their names:*

(1) Those with long sound. (2) Those with short sound.

|          |             |          |
|----------|-------------|----------|
| darl ing | har vest    | sar dine |
| har ness | car pen ter | gar ter  |
| bar ley  | bra vo      | salve    |
| pas tor  | cas tle     | pas ture |
| gras ped | cas ket     | ad vance |
| bas ket  | ras cal     | raf ter  |

Conversational Topic—"Plough deep while sluggards sleep."





### THE UNION JACK.

*General Review.—Teach words ending in ion, ian.*

Let's give three cheers for this flag. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! What does this flag say to the boys and girls of Canada? It says, "Be true, be pure, be brave." Remember that for the honor of this flag and the freedom of your country your forefathers have bravely fought and nobly died.

"Fire!" cried General Wolfe. This command was followed by such prompt action that the French

were defeated, and Canada was placed under the Union Jack.

“Advance! Let’s conquer now or die!” commanded the brave Brock. He stood proudly erect, as he spoke (the Union Jack floating above), in the face of the shot and shell of the enemy. He was about to launch his canoe on the Detroit River. This command was repeated by the brave Indian chief Tecumseh. The men were roused to such action, that the enemy was not only driven back, but their fort was taken from them, and, with cheer after cheer, the Union Jack was raised high above Detroit.

Conversational Topic—“Let Canada our watchword be.”

There’s a flag that waves over every sea,  
No matter when or where;  
And to treat that flag as aught but the free  
Is more than the strongest dare.

—ELIZA COOK.



### A VISIT TO THE PARK.

*Teach ph (Ralph), ph (Stephen).*

Ralph and Philip are brothers. They are very fond of their cousin Joseph, who has come to visit them. He is an orphan and the boys wish to be kind to him. They have taken great pains to show him the sights of the city.

This morning their uncle Stephen telephoned his nephews, Ralph and Philip, that he would call for them in the afternoon to take them to the park. The boys were greatly pleased and said that nothing could give them more pleasure than such a visit.

Here they are at the park. They have spent some time in looking at the wild animals which are to be

seen there and just now they are  
having a ride on the elephant.  
They think this great fun. Ralph  
has brought his camera with him  
and will take a photograph of Philip  
and Joseph on the elephant.

|        |            |           |
|--------|------------|-----------|
| Philip | telephone  | telegraph |
| Joseph | elephant   | Stephen   |
| orphan | photograph | nephew    |

Conversational Topic—Observe and learn.

### A CHILD'S WISH.

I think when I read the sweet story of old,  
How, when Jesus was here among men,  
He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that His hands had been placed on my  
head,

That His arms had been laid around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when  
He said :

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

Yet still to my Saviour in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love,  
I know if sincerely I seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

## THE YELLOW BIRD'S FRIEND.

*Test Italian a (arms, calm). Teach words ending in ect,  
also silent t.*

It was noon. The harvesters had just returned from the field and were resting under the large old elm tree.

"Come here, darling," father said to me, "and I will tell you a really true story." I jumped upon my father's knee.

"This morning, May," said father, "as I was waiting for Arthur to harness the horses, I went through the garden on my way to the barley field. As I neared the grape-vine arch, a number of birds of different kinds fluttered about me. They came very close to me and made a great noise, as much as to say, 'troub-le—troub-le—hel-p us—hel-p us.' I watched them. They flew to and from a certain part of

the shrubbery. I followed them and pushed aside the thick leaves and slender branches, and there found the secret of their trouble.

“Our charming little friend—the summer yellow-bird—had her foot entangled in the threads with which she and her mate were building a top story to their nest. Her poor mate was in such distress that other birds had come to see if they could help. A wicked cow-bird had laid an egg in their nest and they were trying to enclose it as in a case. They knew that, if the young cow-bird were hatched, it would destroy their own babies.

“‘Bravo! little friends,’ said I, freeing the little mother bird, ‘you shall not have all that extra work. You eat the larvæ and the insects that destroy my grain, and are cheer-

ful and kind to everybody, but those wicked, cruel cow-birds are too lazy to work. They will not even take care of their own babies.' So saying, I broke the cow-bird's egg and threw it on the ground."

insect   subject   watched   stretched  
object   prospect   hatched   twitched

Conversational Topic—"The truth of truths is love."  
Read "The Emperor's Bird's Nest"—Longfellow.



### DON'T ROB THE BIRDS, BOYS.

Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys,  
'Tis a cruel and heartless wrong;  
And remember, by breaking an egg, boys,  
You may lose a bird with a song.

When careworn, weary, and lonely,  
Some day as you're passing along,  
You'll rejoice that the egg wasn't broken  
That gave you the bird with its song.



### THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

*Review Italian & short (usks). Build, using age, per.*

"Buy flowers! Buy flowers! Master, buy flowers!" cried the little flower girl, as she stood on the corner of a busy street, with her basket full of fresh wild flowers and grasses.

"A package of perfume, lady! Sweet message from the flowers."

"You have good courage, little maid," said a kind gentleman, as he glanced quickly at the sweet, shy face.



"Ah! sir, if I could only manage to sell them all. I do want to pay the rent of our cottage; this week is our last chance, and mother is ill."

The gentleman grasped her hand, slipped a gold coin into it, and was gone.

cottage      message      perfume      perplex  
package      courage      perform      permit

Conversational Topic—"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merits."  
Read "To a Highland Girl"—Wordsworth.

### THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky than the three?"

I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he answered me:

"It's because the four-leaved clover so crafty is and bold;

It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold."

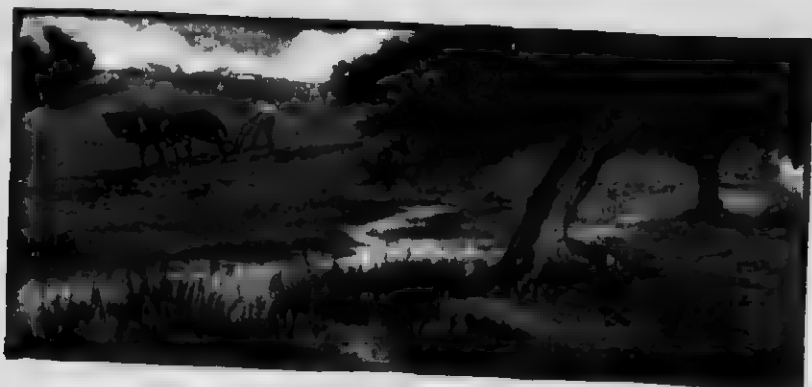
"Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky than the three?"

I questioned Master Generous, and thus he answered me:

"It's because the four-leaved clover so kindly is and gay;

It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away."

By permission of "The Outlook."



### THE EARTHWORM.

*Review ea (early), silent w. Teach or (worm). Build, using en.*

“O but I had hard work to get to the top! This is a beautiful world. It was worth my while after all to take the trouble.” Thus spoke an earthworm as she wriggled in the warm rain.

“We all must endure hard work, if we wish to get to the top, Mrs. Worm. You are not worse off than anybody else,” said a tree near by.

“But you begin where we leave off, Mrs. Tree,” said the worm.

“Oh, no, I don’t. Where are my roots? Indeed, Mrs. Worm, we must

all work together or this world would not be, as you say, a beautiful world. You must dig the soil about my roots, or I might die of thirst. I must feed you with my leaves, or you might die of hunger. See here, Mrs. Worm ! I heard one of those men who were ploughing over there say to-day, 'Work is worship.' The great God, those men worship, is the God who made you and me. Our work must be for His glory. So you work below ground, and I will work above ground."

The worm had not time to reply to this long speech.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar."

|         |         |         |         |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| earn    | wriggle | worm    | enjoy   |
| earth   | wreathe | worship | enlarge |
| earnest | answer  | worse   | entreat |

Conversational Topic—"The world needs you."  
Read "Our Daily Paths"—Mrs. Hemans.

## FATHER'S HELPER.

*Review e (bee), ea (sea). Teach ei (ceiling). Build, using re.*

"Father sent this money to you, Mr. Smith, for papering the parlor ceiling."

"Thank you, my boy, just wait a minute and I shall give you a receipt for it."

### RECEIPT.

TORONTO, May 4th, 1902.

Received from Mr. James, the sum of five dollars, for papering the parlor ceiling.

\$5.00.

CHARLES A. SMITH.

|         |         |        |         |
|---------|---------|--------|---------|
| receive | ceiling | reward | refresh |
| receipt | reside  | repent | reveal  |

SUGGESTION :—Write out receipts for the following: Paid (1) Mr. Spense two dollars for bread; (2) Mr. Davis six dollars for meat.

Answer the letter on page 33.

Conversational Topic—"Owe no man anything."



## THE LITTLE INVALID.

*Teach 1 (vulise). Words ending in gue.*

**L**ITTLE Emma Dunn lives in this house. It is number 133 St. George Street. Emma is an invalid. When only three years old, she fell into a ravine and hurt her back. But Emma is a brave, active, happy little girl. Every one loves her. This little girl's hands are never idle. She sketches flowers and colors them with crayons. She hems handkerchiefs on a little machine which her father bought her. Her mamma is often afraid she will fatigue herself.

One day she was working at the window. She was all alone. She laughed so heartily that her mamma went in to see what was amusing her little girl.

"O mother!" said Emma, "look at the people who are going on that car. They have so many baskets, valises and boxes with them, that I think there won't be much room left for themselves. Do you? How they will crowd the people already on the car! Oh, see! the policeman is coming to help that dear old lady."

Emma's mother looked thoughtful and smiled, as she said, "My dear, every day is a little journey, and I was just thinking how much pleasanter that journey would be, if we wouldn't annoy ourselves and others with so many useless words and acts."

|         |         |        |         |
|---------|---------|--------|---------|
| ravine  | police  | rogue  | fatigue |
| invalid | machine | tongue | plague  |

Write ten thoughts about any journey you have taken.  
Conversational Topic—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

## A RIDDLE.

*Teach i (guide). Words ending in ise.*

To beguile the time for Mary and John, who could not go out in the rain, mother gave the riddle, "Who are the robbers without guile, guide or disguise?"

"O, mother! that is too hard to guess," said Mary.

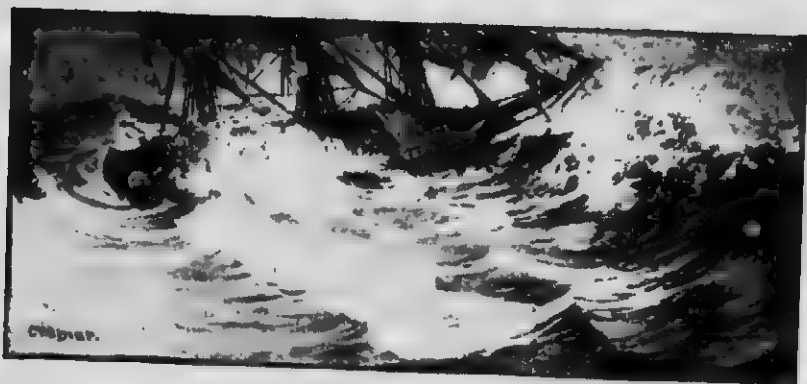
"Too hard?" said mother, "I am surprised! You saw an army of them at exercise this morning."

"I know, I know," said Mary. "You said 'I advise you not to despise these wise little people.'"

"Ants in the sugar!" now guessed John.

|         |          |           |
|---------|----------|-----------|
| guide   | disguise | surprised |
| guile   | wise     | despise   |
| beguile | advise   | exercise  |

Conversational Topic—The industry of the ant.



## THE HAUGHTY OAK.

*Review n, ng, nk. Test oa (boat).*

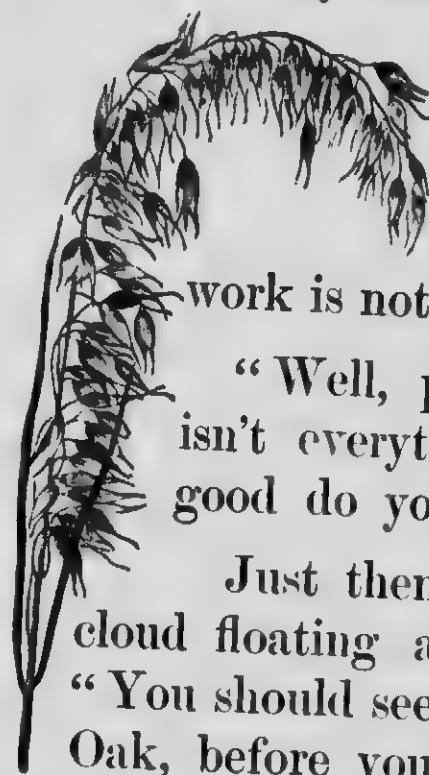
A large oak tree grew by the roadside. A field of flax and a field of oats were near by.

The oak tree seemed to delight to boast of its strength and great usefulness, to the flax and to the oats. One day it said to the flax, "I wonder how you have strength to hold up your head, your stalk is so slender." "I am not very strong, it is true," said the flax, giving a little groan, "but strength isn't everything."

To the oats the oak said: "How in



the world do you hold up your head?  
Your stalk is hollow, is it not? Now  
just look at my strong trunk."



"I agree with  
the flax, Mrs. Oak,  
that strength isn't  
everything. My  
work is not your work."

"Well, perhaps strength  
isn't everything, but what  
good do you do?"

Just then a pretty white  
cloud floating above whispered,  
"You should see the world, Mrs.  
Oak, before you boast quite so  
much."

Not long after this, a woodman  
cut down the oak. It was made into  
planks. These were used in building  
a great vessel. The vessel went to  
sea. A great storm arose and the

vessel drifted about for days. The sailors thought they would have to take to the boats, but, after a time, the storm abated. The sails were unfurled. They caught the wind and the vessel sailed proudly on. "What should we do without flax?" said the sailor.



THE FLAX.

"Those sails are so strong and coarse that they hold the wind. Without them we might have drifted about until our men perished." "Ah! that would have been a

long time," said the captain, "for I had plenty of oatmeal on board."

The oak-timbers heard the men talking, you may be sure.

strong      think      length      single  
long      trunk      strength      younger

Conversational Topic—Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.  
Read "Yardley Oak."—Cowper.



## GRANNY'S LESSON.

*Review ou (bought), ou (should). Teach ou (source).*

OOD evening, Granny.  
What are you doing?"

"Ay! just pouring  
out some water for the hens, laddie."

"Do you still mourn for the old  
speckled hen, Granny?"

"No, no, laddie, there's a time for  
all things—a time to mourn, a time  
to laugh, a time to cry, a time to  
speak, and a time to keep silent."

Then Granny called cluck, cluck,  
cluck, and twelve beautiful speckled  
hens came running to her.

"These, Ross," said she, "are old  
Speckled's grandchildren. But how  
came you to see your Granny to-day?  
You must have walked more than  
four miles, child."

"I am finding out all about the  
river—its islands, the trees on its

banks, its birds and its fish. Listen, Granny! You have been a long time about here, can you tell me where to find the source of this river?"

"Ay, Ross, in the hillside back of your own door."

"Granny! Granny! That tiny spring? Why didn't I have sharper eyes?"

"A lesson for' you, boy; little things and things within our reach, we seldom value as we should."

|        |      |          |        |
|--------|------|----------|--------|
| source | pour | dough    | would  |
| course | four | shoulder | should |



Write a story about this picture, using the following outline:  
Number at the table; how the table was set; what they had to eat;  
what each said.

Conversational Topic—"The hearing ear and the seeing eye."  
Read "Our River"—Whittier



## THE FAIRY'S DAUGHTER.

*Review broad a (wall). Teach au (Maud), aw (straw),  
ou (fought).*

"I am Queen Fairy's daughter;  
the children call me Maud. Gauzy  
Wings is my right name. The boys  
think my hat is made of straw. Oh  
dear! How I have fought to get  
here."

*Add fall to each of these words:*

night      pit      wind      down

*Put al before each of these words:*

most   ready   though   together

*Add (1) ing, (2) ed to each of these words:*

crawl   gnaw   yawn   thaw   paw

*Write a sentence for each of the following words. Pronounce each word:*

August   lawyer   wrought   drawer

*Conversational Topic—"Let us then be up and doing."*



## THE TALKING OAK.

*Test broul a (wall). Build, using ful.*

THERE had been a great storm. A tall strong oak had been blown down.

"How is it," said the tree to a reed that grew near one of her most graceful fallen branches, "that you have not been broken by the wind? You have such a slender weak-looking stalk."

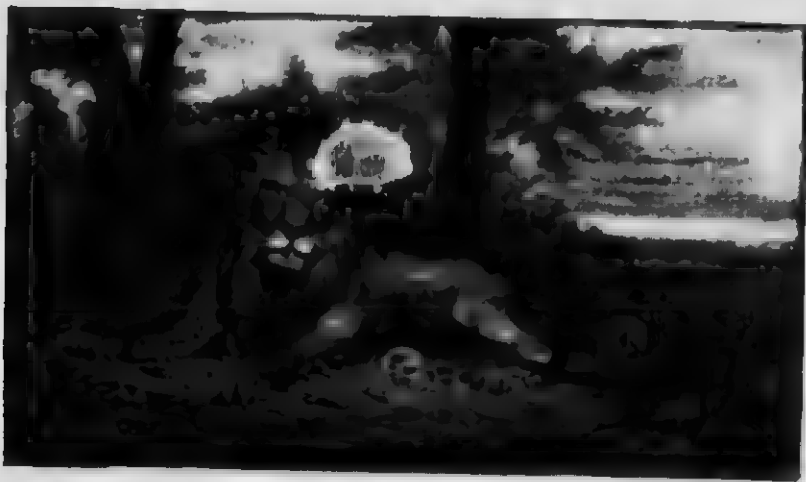
"Perhaps I am not so weak as I look," said the reed. "My weakness in this case may have been my strength. You were proud of your strength, and laughed at the wind. When I saw the wind coming, I bent my head to the ground in fear. The wind passed over me, but—well, you know how it served you."

"Exalt yourself and you shall be humbled."

|       |         |         |          |
|-------|---------|---------|----------|
| walk  | hopeful | painful | thankful |
| stalk | playful | joyful  | shameful |

Conversational Topic—"O, prayer and action, ye are one."





### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

*Test broad a (straw). Build, using a. Silent g.*

Some hunters caught a lion. They bound him to stakes in the ground. They gave him straw for his bed. A little mouse was hidden in the straw. When the little mouse saw the men, he was afraid. He tried to creep away, but he got under the great paw of the lion. When he saw the large claws and the big jaws of the lion, he was still more afraid.

“O lion!” said the little mouse, “spare me. Do to others as you would have others do to you.”

The lion thought the law of kindness was a good law. He raised his paw and let the little mouse go.

"What can I do for the good lion," thought the wee mouse. "He is such a big fellow, though."

By and by he saw the men coming to look at the ropes, to see if they could find any flaws in them. They gave the lion some raw meat. The little mouse saw several of the men yawn.

"Oh!" said the mouse, "night is coming on, and the men will soon be fast asleep. When I'm sure they are asleep, I'll just gnaw the ropes and the lion will be free."

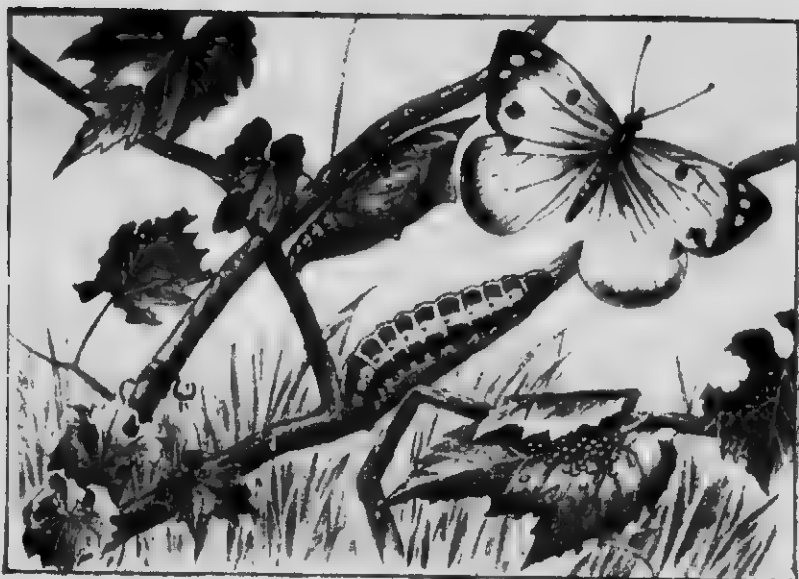


|       |       |         |       |
|-------|-------|---------|-------|
| straw | law   | asleep  | gnaw  |
| paws  | yawn  | against | gnat  |
| claws | flaws | ashore  | gnarl |

Conversational Topics—"Language of animals."

"There is nothing so kingly as kindness."





### THE BUTTERFLY'S STORY.

*Test broud a (Maud, fought). Teach words ending in lar.*

A little white butterfly alighted on a cabbage leaf.

“Ah! Velvet Wings, just what I am looking for,” said little Paul Fletcher. He caught it and put it into a glass box. As he turned around to show it to his sister, the butterfly began to talk.

“O children, let me out! Please let me out! I was so happy in the

sunshine. I have had my wings such a short time. But O, I was so very, very happy! Please let me have my freedom; I have wrought hard for it. I have fought against wind and weather."

"O, I will not hurt you, little butterfly! But what do you mean? I thought a butterfly had nothing to do but fly about and be gay."

"Ah! little boy, the old story. It's little many of us know about the real life of those around us. I was not always a butterfly. I was not always as beautiful as I am now. Indeed, at one time I was only a caterpillar. You would not have caught me then!"

Paul and Maud both looked astonished.

"If you don't think what I am telling you is true, just watch my babies grow. They will come out of these eggs on this cabbage leaf.

■

First they will be tiny grubs. They will feed on the cabbage leaf."

"Oh!" said Maud. "You don't feed on cabbage leaves, do you?"

"O no, but I am a butterfly now. I feed on the sweets from the flowers."

"But you have not told us how you came to be a butterfly."

"Well, just in this way: I made the best use of my powers. I did just the thing I could do. All at once I found myself a butterfly. I remember one thing—climbing up a tree. O yes, and building my cradle. One day I felt a strong desire to get a little higher up in the world. I had heard of some of our family climbing fences and walls. As neither fence nor wall was near, I thought I would climb a tree and so I did. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'if I can only fasten myself to a branch or to a twig, I may be able to live on the tree.' I

tried to do so. Strange to say,  
 some fine thread came from my  
 body to help me. Then I wound  
 it round and round myself and  
 the twig. I worked hard, for I  
 knew I should fall if my cradle was  
 not strong enough for the winter frost  
 and wind. Then I went to sleep.  
 One day I heard the wind saying:  
 'Wake up, the flowers are here.' I  
 raised my head; then I got up. Such  
 a feeling of joy came over me. I had  
 wings and I could fly. And such a  
 beautiful world to fly in! I heard  
 the wind say to the flowers: 'Be good  
 to the butterfly; true beauty always  
 comes from humility.' 'Yes, yes,' said  
 the flowers, 'would that everything  
 living used its powers as does the  
 caterpillar.'

|       |        |         |             |
|-------|--------|---------|-------------|
| daub  | Maud   | fought  | caterpillar |
| gauze | Paul   | thought | burglar     |
| pause | caught | sought  | similar     |

Conversational Topic—"The possible glory that underlies the passing phase of the  
 meanest thing."



### THE FAIRIES' PARTY.

*Teach Italian a (aunt). Compare with broud a (haunt).*

The fairies were having a party. The rabbits, the squirrels and the birds had all received their birch-bark invitations. But, down in the corner of the swamp, the insects held a meeting. This spot was their favorite haunt. Here the fire-flies told queer stories to the water-lilies and blue flags, when they took their daily jaunt to the meadow beyond.

When the south wind fluttered the invitations about, not one was dropped at the doors of the mos-

quitoes or the grasshoppers and it was very hard for them to bear the taunts of the birds. Just then, a dainty little fire-fly came with a message from the fairies. The south wind is pouting and his aunt, the north wind, the fairies will not have. So the mosquito band has been invited to furnish music for the party.

The fairies objected to the grasshoppers on account of their ill-manners ; but they were invited after promising to be good. So the grasshoppers came dressed in new green suits. They were the liveliest guests at the party.

|       |             |          |
|-------|-------------|----------|
| aunt  | squirrels   | objected |
| jaunt | invitations | account  |
| haunt | mosquito    | manners  |
| taunt | music       | promised |

Conversational Topic—"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

*Review er, ir, or, ur.*

Little Mary Barber's birthday came on the thirteenth of December and her mother had allowed her to invite all her girl friends to tea. They came to Mary's home in the afternoon and a merry company they were. Each girl, in greeting Mary, wished her many happy returns of her birthday.

At the tea-table, there was much lively chatter and gay laughter among the girls, while the soft lights, the glitter of china and silver, and the beautiful flowers made a pretty picture that no one could forget.

After tea the girls formed a circle in the corner of the parlor and Miriam Bird told a story of a mermaid that had the misfortune to be driven into a harbor one stormy

winter day. This story made the girls shiver and Mary, noticing this, thanked Miriam and asked the company to play games. They were all soon engaged in play.

Time passed very quickly and the hour for parting came. Each girl said "Good-night" to Mary and her mother and thanked them for their kindness.

|          |            |            |
|----------|------------|------------|
| December | circle     | misfortune |
| gather   | thirteenth | picture    |
| merry    | corner     | returns    |
| birthday | harbor     | pleasure   |

Conversational Topic—A merry heart.

---

## FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but *if* I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

—TENNYSON.





### THE BURDOCK'S RIDE.

*Review er, ir, or, ur. Build, using ant, pre.*

“Good-bye, little Golden-Head,” said a burdock-bur to a little dandelion who had lived close beside her for some time. “I’m off to seek my fortune,” and she jumped on a cow’s tail that switched near her.

“My sisters left on the excursion yesterday—don’t tell any person, but they stole a ride on the petticoats of some of the little girls who were

having a birthday party here. The servant was annoyed and tried several times to prevent them, but every time she pulled them off, they jumped on again. I prefer my chance, don't you, Golden-Head? Good-bye, good-bye."

|         |          |          |
|---------|----------|----------|
| burdock | gallant  | preserve |
| fortune | truant   | prefer   |
| servant | fragrant | prevent  |

Conversational Topic — Push, Pluck, Principle, Perseverance.

---

### THE BEGGAR BOY.

*Test r after a vowel in unaccented syllables. Build, using per.*

One summer day a little beggar boy sat down to rest in the corner of a pasture field, under the shelter of a tree.

He was very hungry, having had only a small piece of bread and butter that day. This little boy was suffering from a broken finger upon which

a skilful doctor had performed an operation only a few days before. But Tom, for that was his name, was a brave, thoughtful lad. "I will try to think of the things about me, and perhaps I can forget myself," he said aloud. "There! what do I hear? The twittering birds, the chattering brook, the angry caw of the crow. Ah! What do I see? A spider at work, no less, and a lovely cluster of flowers. Oh! a garter snake! But what is that glittering in the sun? I must get up and see—only a piece of a broken mirror.

"Well, I feel better anyhow; I shall say good-bye to Mother Nature to-day and go in search of my supper."

perhaps

perform

permit

perfume

perchance

perfect

Conversational Topic—"For ye have the poor with you always."  
Read "A Man's a Man for a' That"—Burns.

“



T

Review

THE moon is at the foot of the hill. Let us go home, cousin Bell.

“Very well, Hattie. I shall put the flowers we dug up and my notebook in your basket.”

“Is your toothache better, Bell?”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Bell! I wonder why the moon changes its shape. I can draw all its different shapes, can you? Father says the moon gets all its light from the sun. It is not like the bright sunlight, though, is it?”

“Really, Hattie, I know very little about the moon. But I can repeat a verse about it.”

“O, what is it?”

“O moon, in the night I have seen you sailing,  
And shining so round and low;  
You were bright, ah! bright, but your light is  
failing,  
You are nothing now but a bow.”

Conversational Topic—“The heavens declare the glory of God.”



## A STONE'S THOUGHTS.

*Review oo (spoon). Teach o (tomb). Build, using dis.*

“*ten* a fuss! Why is everybody in such distress over a little shower of rain, I should like to know? I am disgusted. It came in a few minutes, and it went away in a few minutes,” said a stone. “Now, here I have lain for years. I have not moved from this spct, nor have I been disturbed by any person. I never lose a minute in idle talk; indeed, I do no harm of any kind. If you would prove the truth of what I am saying, just ask the men in the field over there.”

“Ah, friend!” said a tree near by, “he who lives for himself, does not live at all. To do no harm is only a part of life. Your life should be to do as much good as you can. A little push wouldn’t hurt even you.”

tomb    reprove    distress    displease  
prove    remove    disturb    dislike

*Conversational Topic—“Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”  
Read “Each and All”—Emerson.*



### A MOTHER BIRD'S LOVE.

*Review oo (moon). Teach ou (soup). Build, using ance.*

Harry stood with a group of boys at the front gate.

“Harry,” called mamma, from the front window, “come in, dear.”

“Yes, mother, I will be there in a few minutes.”

“My son,” said mamma, lovingly, when Harry came in, “I fear you are a little nuisance. You should

not stand in the rain. You will have croup again to-night. Change your shoes at once, and then take this soup."

"Mamma, look! I have a dear little wounded bird."

"Where did you get it, Harry?"

"You may be sure I shall never hear Ned Benson called unkind again, mother. Here's an instance of his kindness. He got this little bird near the roof of our barn, in a nest."

"In a nest, Harry?"

"Yes, mother, the poor little thing got its foot tangled in the thread. In trying to free itself, it must have wound the thread around a little end of the roof shingle. Ned Benson saw an old bird up there, and wondered why it had not gone away with the others. It is so late in the sea-

son, you know. He got through the loft window, and nailed a board a little distance out for his foot to rest upon. In this way he was able to reach the nest. Poor little thing; see, it has wounded its leg in trying to free itself. The mother bird would not leave it. She must have fed it every day. Ned thought I could take good care of it, so he gave it to me."

|       |          |              |
|-------|----------|--------------|
| soup  | wounded  | nuisance     |
| croup | youth    | acquaintance |
| group | distance | entrance     |

Conversational Topic - "Virtue is its own reward."

Read (1) "The Swallow," (2) "The Bird's Nest" - Cowper.

### THE DEW DROPS.

A million little diamonds  
 Twinkled on the trees,  
 And all the little maidens said,  
 "A jewel, if you please!"  
 But while they held their hands outstretched,  
 To catch the diamonds gay,  
 A million little sunbeams came,  
 And stole them all away.





## THE FAT HEN.

*Review oo (foot). Teach u (pull). Words ending in el.*

WOMAN had a hen which laid an egg every day. She brought her eggs to market. People would pull and push each other away, in order to get the first chance to buy from her.

"An egg a day is such a small thing," said the woman. "I could sell a bushel basket full if I had them. I'll provide fresh gravel for my hen every day. I'll save every morsel of food I can spare, so that I can feed her twice as much a day as I have been doing. Then, surely she will lay two eggs a day."

The woman did so, but alas! the hen got so fat that she did not lay at all.

"Eat to live," do not "Live to eat."

|        |         |        |         |
|--------|---------|--------|---------|
| pull   | pulpit  | morsel | flannel |
| bushel | bulrush | shovel | gravel  |

Conversational Topic—"Enough is as good as a feast."

## THE YOUNG TROUT.

*Review sh, ch, wh, th (breath). Teach th (this).*

"Now, be very careful," said the old trout to her son, "for school is out and the boys will be fishing."

"Oh! they can not catch me," said the rash little fellow, "I am too sharp for them," and he hurried away in search of his supper.


The old trout watched the boys chasing grasshoppers and baiting their hooks. The young one rushed madly from place to place, catching at everything within his reach. At length he caught sight of a fine big grasshopper. "Look out, I'm going to eat you," he said. "Oh! don't. I'm nearly dead already," replied the grasshopper.

The simple trout took the bait and there was only a splash. Nothing more was seen of the poor little chap.

*Conversational Topic—"Youth is vain."*

## ECHO ELVES.

*Review oh (church). Teach oh (as k, choir).*



Did you ever hear of echo elves? Fred never did, until last summer, and O, how they frightened him!

One day he went with his father, who was a chemist, to gather gum and bark from the pine and spruce trees that grew on the sides of a mountain.

One part of this mountain formed a high rocky wall. Between this wall and another one opposite, equally high and rocky, a river ran on its way to the great sea. The echo elves lived on these walls, and many a happy time they had, as they jumped from crag to crag, catching

the sounds of the merry voices of the many people who rowed down this stream, singing, as they often did, chorus after chorus, for this was a favorite boating place.

Fred was so delighted with everything he saw, that he forgot to keep within sight of his father. He wandered towards the river. He could not find his way back. He was lost. He called "Father, father." Some one answered "father" after him, each time he called. "O father, where are you?" "O father, where are you?" answered some one. Fred was frightened. He began to cry. He ran on as fast as he could, crying as he ran. Some one who was crying too, seemed to be following him. By and by he heard the loving voice of his father, calling "Fred." Some one answered "Fred." He

ran on faster than ever. In a short time he was in his father's arms. He told his story.

"Only the echo elves, my son," said his father. "The world is full of them. Echo elves always return to each of us just what we say. You can hear them best in places like this, and in empty buildings; but they are cunning little creatures, and hide in almost any place. Look out for them, after this, Fred."

Conversational Topic—"The world is an echo, and returns to each of us what we say."  
Read "The Echo"—Wordsworth.

choir    Christmas    chorus    echo  
Christ    chemist    Christina    scheme





### A CHILD'S HELP.

Mother had many things to do on Monday and thought, if the children would only play in the garden, she could easily manage her work. But it was not easy to keep them out, even if they had many toys and tools to interest them.

Mother called her three children to her and told them how very busy she was and what she wanted them to do. "O, mother dear, let me stay in and help you!" said active little Nell. "But," said mother, "will Bertie and

Jack be content to stay out without you? I want you to take my place in the garden and help in that way."

Nell was disappointed. A verse, learned years before at school, came to mother's mind and she repeated it.

"Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make on earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above."

*Conversational Topic—"Always take mother's advice."*

## THE OIL PAINTING.

*Test ou, ow, oy, oi.*

### PAPA AND ELLA.

**At the Exhibition:**

Papa was pointing to an oil painting. "That painting, Ella," said he to his little daughter, "cost thousands of dollars. The little girl in the foreground—the one in the white gown—is a princess of royal blood. She seems to be enjoying a visit from her pet greyhound. How plainly you can see

those flowers through the window of the greenhouse in the background! Isn't the sky beautiful, darling? Look at the clouds. Would you like to be an artist, Ella?"

*Write the following words, and give their names:*

|             |           |         |
|-------------|-----------|---------|
| grey hound  | drow sy   | boy ish |
| green house | sun down  | loy al  |
| fore ground | oint ment | an noy  |
| thou sand   | re joice  | en joy  |

Conversational Topic - "For art may err, but nature cannot miss."  
Read "Mountain Pictures" - Whittier.

### THE THOUGHTLESS BOY.




Test u (tube), ew (dew). Build, using de.

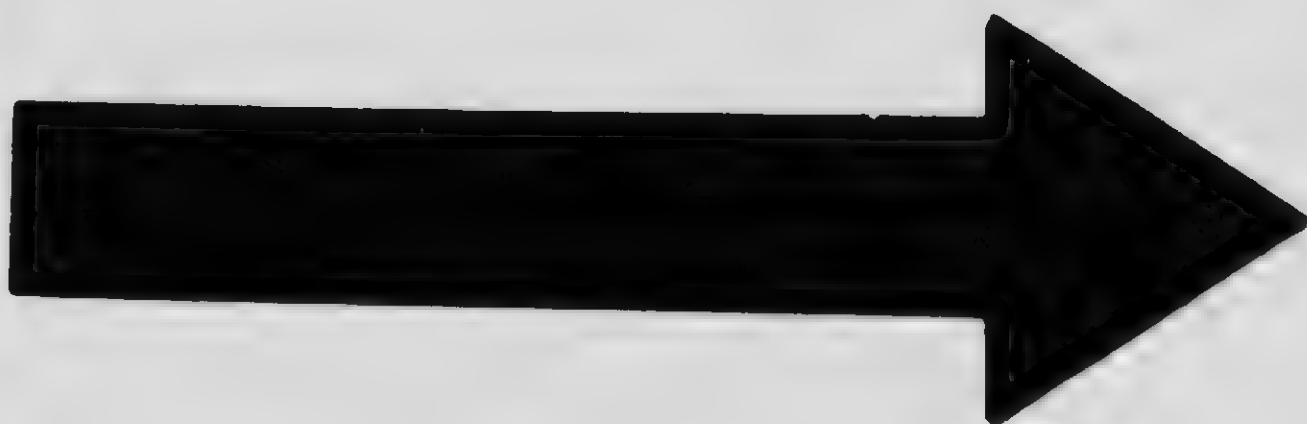
BOY had been sent to take care of a flock of goats. So delighted was he with his play, that he forgot all about the goats. A few of them strayed away. When the dew began to fall, the boy thought of his duty.



He knew that the goats were due at his master's an hour ago. His master would wonder what had detained him. He blew his horn loudly and all the goats came but one. He could get no clew to guide him. He got up on the hill to get a broader view. He saw the stray goat caught in a thicket. "Ah! I must rescue it," he said to himself. By this time, however, he was angry; he threw a stone at the poor creature which could not escape the blow. The stone broke its horn. "Oh! Oh!" cried the little boy, "I did not mean to hurt you. I know I deserve to be punished, but please do not tell my master."

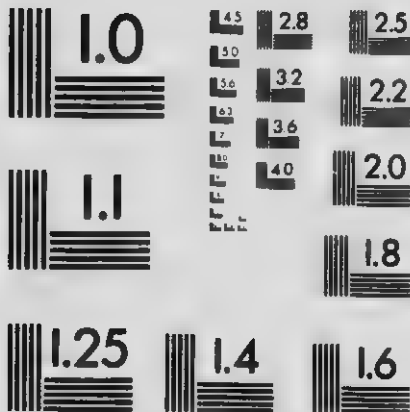
"Indeed, I do not need to tell your master," replied the goat. "He values my horns very much, and you





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482-0300 - Phone  
(716) 288-5989 - Fax

have destroyed one of them. It will speak for itself."

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

"Your deeds be on your head."

|         |        |         |        |
|---------|--------|---------|--------|
| steward | rescue | delight | defend |
| renew   | value  | deserve | detain |
| jewel   | argue  | destroy | demand |

Conversational Topic "Dare to be true."  
Read "Casubianca"—Mrs. Hemans.

### THE VAIN JAY.

Teach **r** before **u** (*crude*). Words ending  
in **ous**.



PEACOCK had moulted.

A jay found his feathers, and decked herself with them.

"Now," said the jay, "all the birds will think I'm a peacock. Yes, I'm quite spruce," and she turned herself round and round. "There isn't a bird, nor is there a brute, that is not courteous to a peacock."

So, pleased with herself, she tried to make friends with the peacocks. At first the peacocks were curious, but the manners of the simple little jay were crude, so the peacocks thought, and they soon discovered her trick.

They hissed and hooted at her, they plucked her feathers, and indeed were unkind in various other ways. Matters became so serious, at last, that the poor little jay flew back to the birds of her own kind; but they were so angry that they would have nothing to do with her. It was piteous to see her. Bitterly did the unhappy jay rue having been so vain.

"Thine own friends, and thy father's friends, forsake not."

|       |       |           |          |
|-------|-------|-----------|----------|
| rude  | brute | courteous | generous |
| crude | prune | numerous  | furious  |

Conversational Topic—"Pride goeth before a fall."  
Read "The Faithful Bird"—Cowper.



### JOHNNY APPLESEED.

*Review r before u (fruit). Build, using ish, un.*

Johnny was an unselfish lad. One day, sitting under an apple-tree, enjoying it fruit, which he could bruise with his fingers, a bright thought came to him. It was this:

“If some person had not planted this tree, we could not have any apples. Why can’t I save seeds, and plant them for somebody?”

As Johnny became older, this thought grew stronger. In the

year 1801, over one hundred years ago, Johnny, then a shrewd youth, thought of a plan upon which he acted, and for which hundreds of people thank him, even to this day.

He went from one end of the country to the other, collecting as many apple seeds as he could find. His plan was "to found" orchards in the unbroken parts of the country. When he came to a sunny, open place in the forest, he planted seeds and protected them with fences of brush. Because of this, the people named him Johnny Appleseed. Years afterwards, when the new settlers came, they found young orchards, and had many a kind word to say about the brave, unselfish Johnny Appleseed.

Conversational Topic: "He who plants a tree, plants love."

Read "Plant a Tree" - Lucy Larcom.

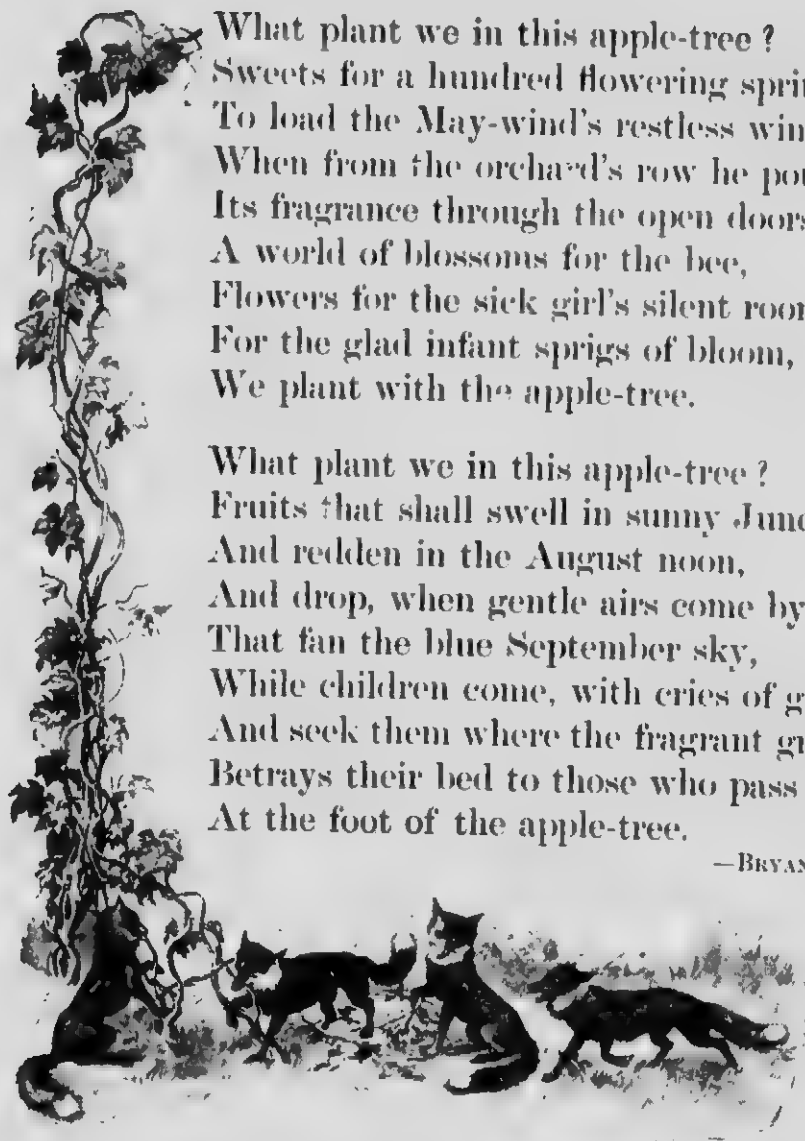
Read "Lines for Agriculture Exhibition, 1858" Whittier.

## THE APPLE-TREE.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
Sweets for a hundred flowering springs,  
To load the May-wind's restless wings,  
When from the orchard's row he pours  
Its fragrance through the open doors :  
A world of blossoms for the bee,  
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June  
And redden in the August noon,  
And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
That fan the blue September sky,  
While children come, with cries of glee,  
And seek them where the fragrant grass  
Betrays their bed to those who pass  
At the foot of the apple-tree.

—BRYANT.



The little Foxes that spoil the vines,  
"I can't," "I won't," "I forgot," "By-and-bye."





## THE VIOLETS' FRIENDS.

*Build, using ment.*

Since the first warm days of spring, the gardener has been busy in this garden. How carefully he has worked among the plants and what a number of improvements he has made! Now he is beginning to receive his reward. The violets are in bloom already. The bees have come to visit them. Listen! The little violets are welcoming the bees.

“Refreshments are ready, little friends! How do you like the new arrangements? The agreement between us, we think, is that you will pay us for the sweet nourishment we give you by carrying our pollen to others of our kind.”

“ Buzz — buzz,” said the bees.  
“ Yes, we must hasten while the  
sun shines.”

refreshments      agreements  
improvements    nourishment

Conversational Topic—“ Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book.”

### THE BROWN BIRD'S SONG.

A brown bird sat on a blossomy tree ;  
Sang in the moonshine merrily.  
Three little songs — one, two, three.  
A song for his wife, for himself, and me.

He sang for his wife, sang low, sang high,  
Filling the moonlight that filled the sky ;  
“ Thee, thee, I love thee, heart alive !  
Thee, thee, thee, and thy round eggs five ! ”

He sang for himself, “ What shall I do  
With this life that thrills me through and through ?  
Glad is so glad that it turns to ache !  
Out with it, song, or my heart will break ! ”

He sang to me, “ Man, do not fear,  
Though the moon goes down, and the dark is near ;  
Listen to my song and rest thine eyes ;  
Let the moon go down that the sun may rise.”

I folded me up in the heart of his tune,  
And fell asleep with the sinking moon ;  
I woke with the day's first golden gleam,  
And, lo, I dreamed a precious dream !

By permission of the Author.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



### THE IMPUDENT PUSSIES.

*Build, using* **ence**.

“Such indulgence, Pussies! I would not allow my very best doll such comfort. I promised to reward you for your diligence, but really, I never thought of such an occurrence as this sitting on my pretty new white furs. Such impudence!”

“Mew—mew—”

“Silence! You naughty children.”

|            |           |         |
|------------|-----------|---------|
| indulgent  | diligence | silent  |
| indulgence | impudent  | silence |
| diligent   | impudence |         |

Conversational Topic—A place for everything.

Read “The Kitten and Fallen Leaves”—Wordsworth.

Read “The Retired Cat”—Cowper.



## ROBIN REDBREAST.

I.

"Who am I? Surely you know me. My name is Robin Redbreast. It was my song that wakened you early this morning. We robins have a concert every morning, long before you are awake. O, how we do enjoy ourselves on these fine April mornings! Spring is our happiest time. After our concert is over, we breakfast. We are as glad as you are when the fruit begins to ripen. We are very fond of cherries and strawberries. Earthworms? Yes, we like earthworms. We like cut worms, too. What do we do after breakfast? We go to work, of course. Robins have a great deal of work to do. They give their children a very careful bringing up.

"Our first work in spring is to build a home. We like to build our nest in the fork of an apple tree, or in a house window, when the people are very kind to us. Our nests are formed of strong grass, plastered outside with mud and lined with fine rootlets. Robins are not as skilful nest-builders as many other birds. They are real home-makers, however, after all.

"After our nest is finished Mrs. Robin lays four blue eggs in it. Then our eggs have to be kept warm. When Mrs. Robin is sitting on the eggs, I often sit on a twig nearby and sing to her. When she goes off for food, I keep the eggs warm.

ii.

"Have we to work hard when our babies come? O dear, yes! it is then our work begins. Our babies are such hungry, sturdy little things. They are very fond of worms. You do not get worms, I can tell you, without working for them. Poor baby robins are ugly. Truly, they have yellow mouths and naked bodies, but whatever I shall say is, 'Ugly babies often-times grow up quite good looking.' Look at me! how straight I stand! Isn't my breast fine and plump? Don't you like the way I walk? Watch me. I run a few steps. Then I draw myself up quite straight. Then I run a few steps. I have heard people say I am quite dainty."

### III.

"After our first brood is raised, we generally raise a second brood. We are very fond of children. When Mrs. Robin is taking care of the second family I take care of the older children. I find a roost for them, on a tree not far from their old home. I remain with them during the night. We have happy times going to bed and getting up in the morning! Early in the morning, I return to help my little wife with the babies.

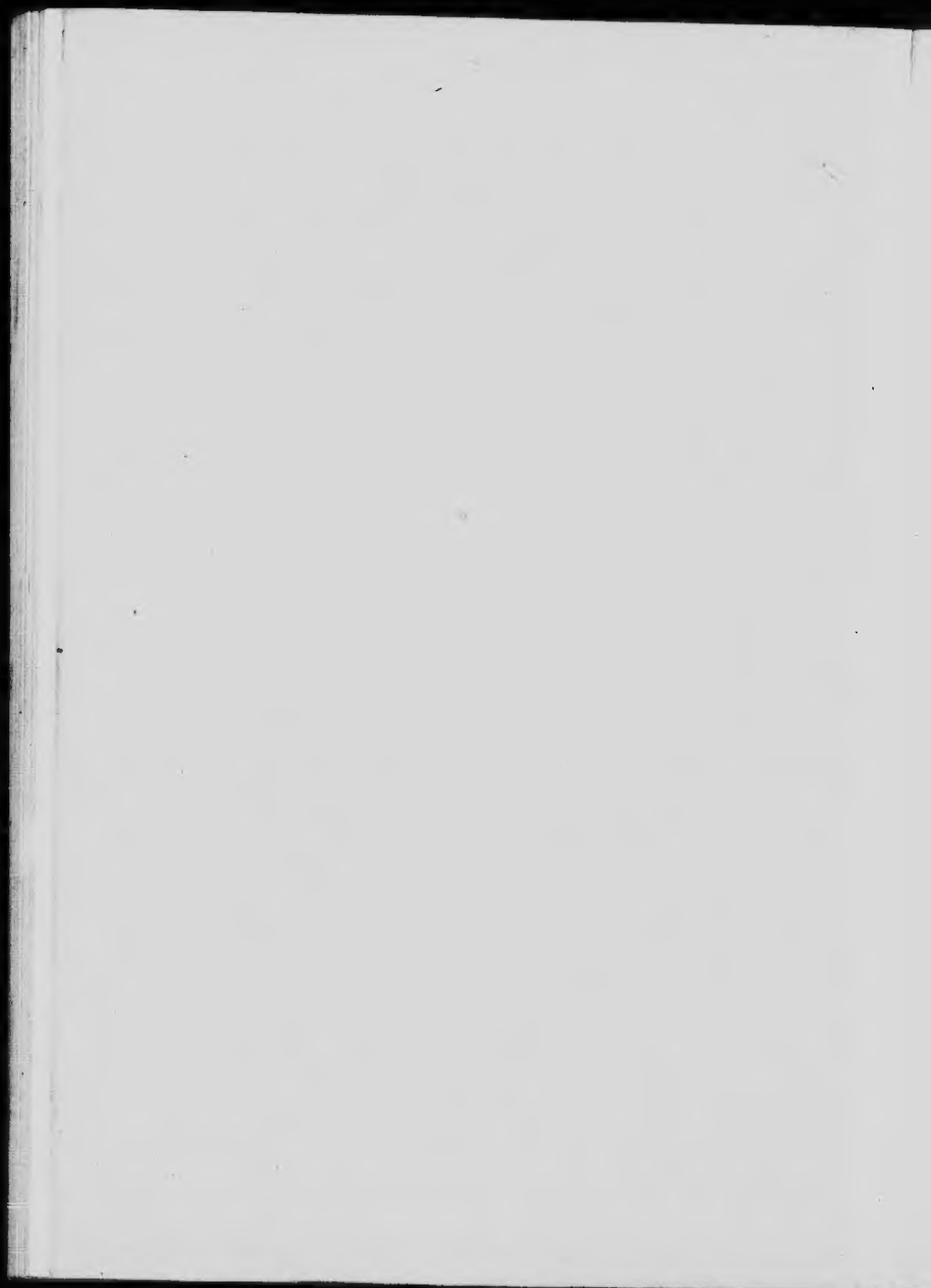
"What do we do in the winter? Before the real cold weather comes, most of us fly off to the far South (a few of us, very few, however, brave the cold weather here). Sometimes, as many as a thousand of us flock together for the journey. We have fine times when we get there, but somehow we do not sing just as we did in the North. Perhaps we have a secret longing for home. When spring comes, we are always glad to return to our old homes. The farmers are glad to see us, too, I can tell you."



Conversational Topic—"The early bird catcheth the worm."  
Read "Robin Redbreast."—W. Allingham.

generally  
and of  
are of  
r chil-  
ot far  
uring  
o bed  
n the  
with

e the  
o the  
ever,  
, as  
the  
ere,  
did  
ong-  
are  
The  
,







N.L.C. - B.N.C.



3 3286 02722301 1

